

\$2

APRIL 5, 2024 | VOLUME 15 | ISSUE 8

YOUR PURCHASE BENEFITS THE VENDORS.
PLEASE BUY ONLY FROM BADGED VENDORS.

Early Black literary movement: the poetry of Langston Hughes and Claude McKay. **Page 10**

ASHLEY
POWELL
#595



ASK YOUR
VENDOR:
**WHAT
INSPIRES
YOU?**

GROUND COVER

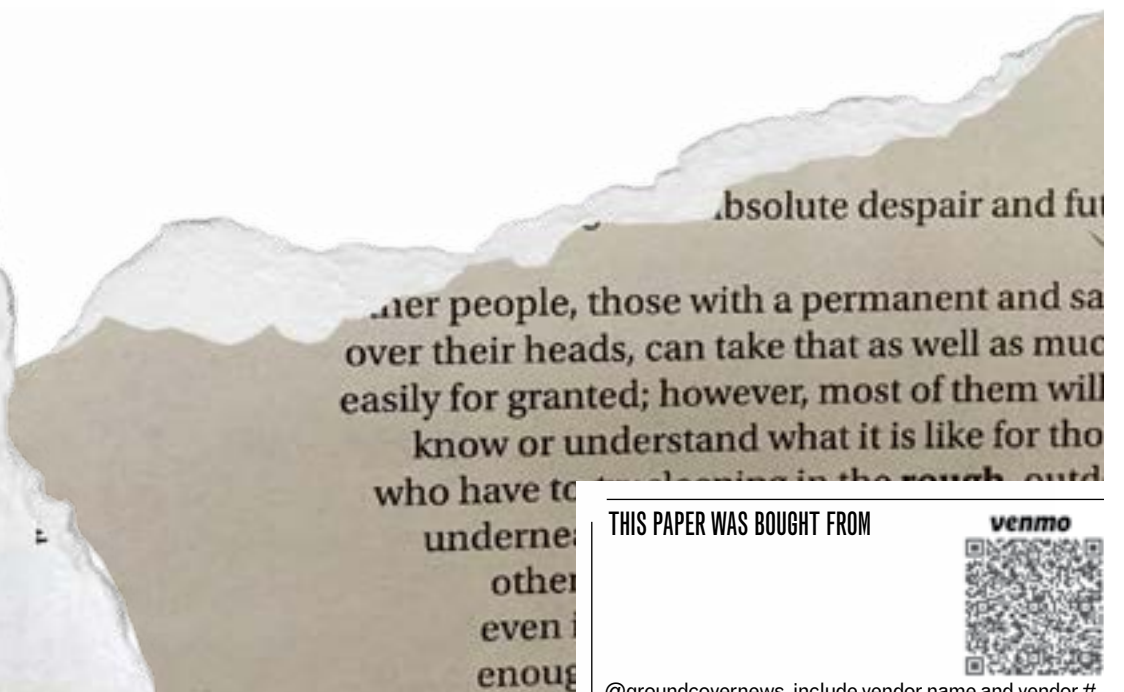
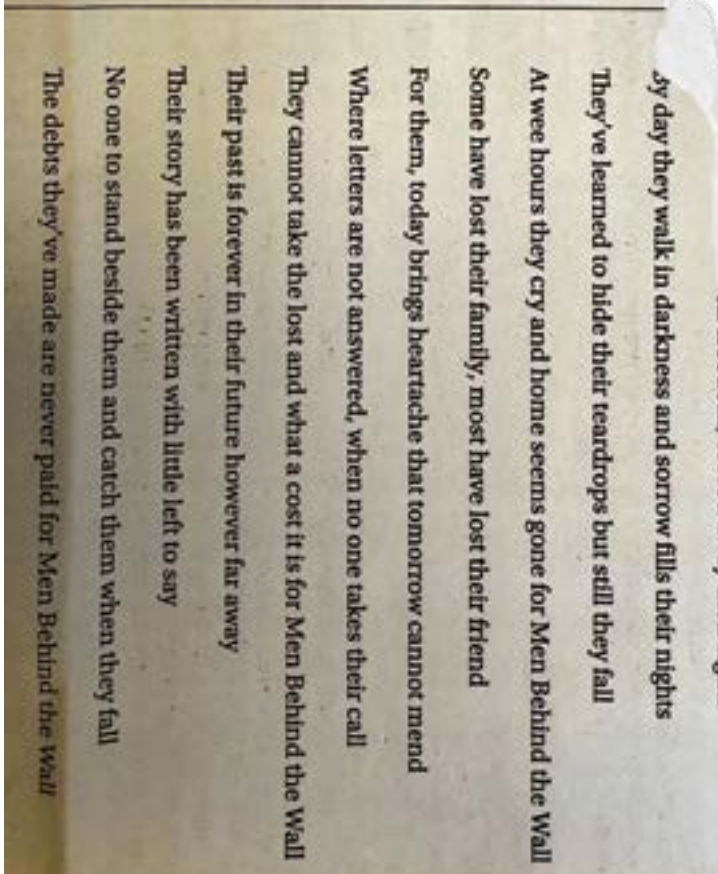
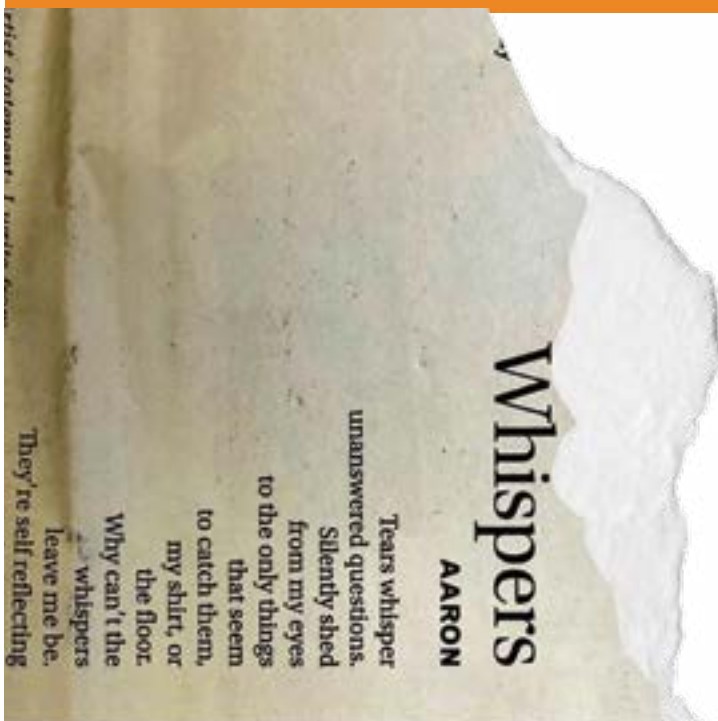
NEWS AND SOLUTIONS FROM THE GROUND UP | WASHTENAW COUNTY, MICH.

*Featuring 34 poems from 20 unique
Washtenaw County poets —*



POETRY EDITION 2024

— now 16 pages!



THIS PAPER WAS BOUGHT FROM



@groundcovernews, include vendor name and vendor #

national poetry month **EVENTS**

YPSI WRITES POETRY OPEN MIC

Thursday, April 18, 7-9 p.m.
Corner Brewery, 20 Norris Street, Ypsilanti
Join YpsiWrites in celebrating National Poetry Month by sharing your work at an open mic night at Corner Brewery. Writers are encouraged to share their work, in whatever stage it is currently in, with supportive members of the YpsiWrites community. All are welcome to come, read, listen and encourage the poets.

POETRY at LITERATI: ALISON SWAN, FLEDA BROWN, and FRIENDS

Friday, April 19, 6:30 p.m
Literati Bookstore, 124 E Washington Street, Ann Arbor
Michigan poets Fleda Brown, Teresa Scollon, Ellen Stone and Alison Swan read from and discuss their work.

GROUNDCOVER NEWS POETRY OPEN MIC see details pictured right

NIGHT of the LIVING WORD: EXPERIMENTAL POETRY

Tuesday, April 30, 6 p.m.
AADL Downtown Secret Lab, 343 S. 5th Avenue, Ann Arbor
Poetry workshop with stations to create blackout poetry, Dadaist cutups, concrete poetry and other forms of experimental poetry.



PROVIDING ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITIES FOR SELF-DETERMINED INDIVIDUALS IMPACTED BY POVERTY,
PRODUCING A STREET NEWSPAPER THAT GIVES A PLATFORM TO UNDERREPRESENTED VOICES IN WASHTENAW COUNTY,
PROMOTING AN ACTION TO BUILD A JUST, CARING AND INCLUSIVE SOCIETY.

GROUNDCOVER NEWS

Groundcover News, a 501(c)(3) organization, was founded in April 2010 as a means to empower low-income persons to make the transitions from homeless to housed, and from jobless to employed.

Vendors purchase each copy of our regular editions of Groundcover News at our office for 50 cents. This money goes towards production costs. Vendors work selling the paper on the street for \$2, keeping all income and tips from each sale.

Street papers like Groundcover News exist in cities all over the United States, as well as in more than 40 other countries, in an effort to raise awareness of the plight of homeless people and combat the increase in poverty. Our paper is a proud member of the International Network of Street Papers.



STAFF

Lindsay Calka — *publisher*

Cynthia Price — *editor*

Simone Masing — *intern*

ISSUE CONTRIBUTORS

Teresa Basham
Elizabeth Bauman
Blue Moon Tailor
Roberto Isla Caballero
Jamie Cameron
La Shawn Courtwright
Sarah Darby-White
Day Dreamer Eternity Believer
Shelley DeNeve
Diana Fead
Robbie February
Sasha Grindall
Lorraine Lamey
Markona Love
Eva Moore
Ken Parks
Ron Pagereski
Earl Pullen

Julie Scheier
Will Shakespeare
Wayne Sparks
Scoop Stevens
Shawn Swoffer
Karen Totten

PROOFREADERS

Susan Beckett
Elliot Cubit
Anabel Sicko

VOLUNTEERS

Jessi Averill
Jane Atkins
Zachary Dortzbach
Glenn Gates
Alexandra Granberg
Robert Klingler
Emily Paras
Holden Pizzolato
Liem Swanson
Melanie Wenzel
Mary Wisgerhof
Max Wisgerhof
Emily Yao

CONTACT US

Story and photo submissions:
submissions@groundcovernews.com

Advertising and partnerships:
contact@groundcovernews.com

Office: 423 S. 4th Ave., Ann Arbor
Mon-Sat, 11 a.m. - 3 p.m.

Phone: 734-263-2098



@groundcovernews

@groundcover

**DONATE,
LISTEN TO OLD ISSUES
+ LEARN MORE**

www.groundcovernews.org
linktr.ee/groundcovernews

GROUNDCOVER NEWS ADVERTISING RATES

Size	Black/White	Color	Dimensions (W x H in inches)
1/8	\$110.00	\$150.00	5 X 3 or 2.5 X 6.5
1/6	\$145.00	\$200.00	5 X 4
1/4	\$200.00	\$265.00	5 X 6.25
1/2	\$375.00	\$500.00	5 X 13 or 10.25 X 6.5
full page	\$650.00	\$900.00	10.25 X 13

PACKAGE PRICING

Three Months/Six Issues: **15%** off
Six Months/Twelve Issues: **25%** off
Full Year/Twenty-four Issues: **35%** off
Only run for two weeks/one issue: **40%** off
Additional **20%** discount for money saving coupons

ASK YOUR VENDOR

What inspires you?

People doing great things and poeple who work hard to help others.
— Ashley Powell, #595

For my cartoons, Super Raton (Mighty Mouse) from Havana, Cuba in the 1970s.
— Roberto Isla Caballero, #347

Science fiction, anime, cyber-punk, steam punk — storytelling in fictional worlds overall.
— James Manning, #16

Everything — music, animals, camping, swimming. I really do love life and I'm centered with creation!
— Terri Demar, #322

Money!
— Pony Bush, #305

A good smile.
— Tony Schohl, #9

I think everything inspires me.
— Glen Page, #407

GOD and HIS Word; the HOLY SPIRIT and singing praises in the HIGHEST to HIM WHO alone is WORTHY; other Christians through the ages who have REALLY walked with JESUS; The Nylons version of "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" — it reminds me of "my Place," and Of ALL Of GOD'S GOODNESS Even So, In a VERY! Fallen World; the land and its animals and plants remind me of the GOD WHO created them and us; and of the original perfection, and one day the surpassing of that; of CARE and RELIEF we MUST be part of, for "The Here and Now."
— Amanda Gale, #573

You do.
— Ken Parks, #490

Agape, justice and hope. And good stories!
— Austin Cash, #627

People who don't waste their time.
— Wayne Sparks, #615

The last dinner of Groundcover News



The laboratory of ignorance needs love. They do not discriminate, love does not need perdition. Evil is reality. The injustice is the bane of America. Poverty and selflessness and wisdom is the mentality of the wealthy. The poor person is happier than the one who works the land. The social service workers are the future of America.

ToGetHer

DAY DREAMER ETERNITY BELIEVER
Groundcover contributor

To one I've never met, but have known all along. For whom I have longed. Your old friend's gentle, silver-lined reminder edging across the storm clouds of life. Yet none of it lived.

The bellow of your souls echoed longing across both time and space. Innately embraced. I never knew the truth of both the perfect heights and unspeakable horrors of what was real. Your old is my new.

You dreamed during the night, and I the day. Each of each other. In between, the nightmare called reality separated us. Forced by bitter men.

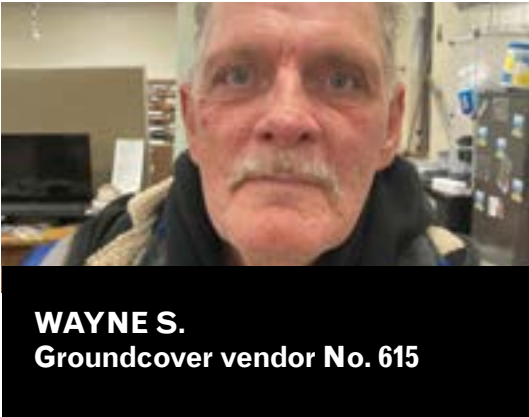
Apparently we both never stopped searching for one another. What will be, will be. Yet what was forced became the reality. Separate here we are.

If love is the highest standard, the strongest reason, and the purest hope then this consortium diablos ultimately failed the moment they challenged The Creator of such. I bet all on Yah.

YAHWEH, the God of Romance. He reveals in His time. Be it merely a fool's errand here or the very foundational essence of life itself interlaced and perpetuating throughout all of creation. I will have no shame.

Without err, within the correct confines, I love you both. We three are what they fear. The thousands of miles I have traveled to the millions of minutes you have waited. Together, but not.

When I stopped breathing



When the door clanged shut
I stopped breathing.
When I walked through the gate
And knew I wasn't leaving
I stopped breathing
The day you left me
I stopped breathing
I walk through days wondering
When I can take a breath again
Trying to figure out why I stopped Breathing

Muz



We love you so,
Glad you're in our life,
Never gonna do you wrong,
We love you wit all of our heartz,
We're never gonna let you part,
You're our baby,
We'll never let anythang happen ta you,
We'll never let you go,
You've waited for love too long,
We're not gonna let you go,
You're perfect in our eyez.

Gloomy days



Gloom and doom is all we hear,
Trigger-happy dictators with nukes;

Voting for one so dear became a fluke.

One more solution, this current head;
Only to sell us nothing and leave us for dead.

Computer world

The glee I had using ancient computers,
nothing can compare;
Times making reset buttons for PCI boards,
computers I hoarded, a set so fair;
Worthless they find and say,
only to sell my set on EBay.

Muz 2

TERESA BASHAM

I love your way,
Always being so gentle wit me,
You're always wit me every day,
I'm so glad you can see,
What you do,
What you mean to me,
& you know I love you,
You have a good home,
We let you do your own,
Thang all thee time,
You're always on our minds.



First signs of spring



When the weather can't make up its mind
Warm, Cold, Warm, Cold
Then at night time I can hear baby frogs chirping
Then the days and nights steadily get warmer
And next thing ya know
You're sweating at doing nothing

Back in the days

SHELLEY DENEVE

In days of old, life was slow
In days of new, life is fast
In days of new, life whizzes by
I wish of old days
And to know what I know now

Streets to halls

MARKONA LOVE
Groundcover vendor No. 590

My feet once pounding the
streets and sidewalks
now my feet dragging only
across plastic formica.

Once previously writing
homeless, from the streets
now rambling from corrupt
halls.

Institutional profit over
patient progress
cosmic rays burst thru
the dark of night.

Healing Light of Love insists
to fill me
obliged me to spread to
last accepting souls.

May we all awake to the
Light of Love shining from
within and back to a
morning sun.

He's gotta tell himself, whoa!

She is so beautiful, from the swells of Her mind, to the valleys of Her depths.
Her beauty will knock you off of your feet, and please believe me, you will be swept
Just by the breadth of Her conversations, to the manner in which She performs Her duties, to ensure She is well kept
She is rounded, His idea of a woman who's whole, and something marvelous to behold
As He sees, takes a deeper look into Her, even now, hopefully forever more
Anticipating the moment He may be able to experience Her touch
His senses are pleasantly driven Outta control
He just can't help himself
Every time He sees Her
He's gotta tell Himself, Whoa!!

For women's history month



The smile on a clown

EARL PULLEN
Groundcover contributor

To each his own
of one of many
sometimes we're up
sometimes we're down
but nothing can compare
to the smile of a clown
the love within a magical place
it's all we can do to state
our case.
Shine in the night
and glow with Grace
and then you'll know
why the smile is on the clown's face



Riddle or rhyme

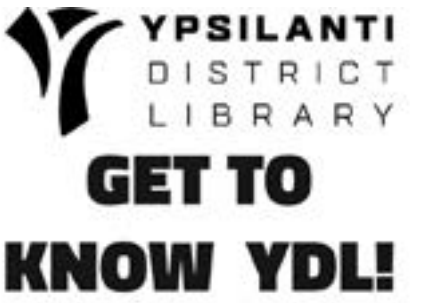
EARL PULLEN

To each his own
I say one you
Say two what do
You think when
I say I love you?
Do you think it's
A riddle or do you
Think its a rhyme
Or do you think
I am a man out of
Time? I'm not broke
Down and I'm not
From another time
I'm just a man with
Riddle and a rhyme
Come to say I love
You till the end
Of time story of
A man with a riddle
And a rhyme

Existence

SCOOP STEVENS
Groundcover contributor

The rain is coming and this I fear; now I must go and buy beer
Under the Wayne Road Bridge again; my homelessness never seems to end
Lived on Mark Twain the first year of life; then my parents took part in White Flight
Grew up in NIL the most racist town; if you were born black it meant you were a Clown
Conformed to the religion of my youth; until I learned Jesus was not the truth
Blasphemy! Blasphemy! It cannot be; but I knew Reason was the way for me
A new age of consciousness is soon to begin; She will be President to usher US in



WHERE TO FIND US:
Online at yplslibrary.org
Call us at 734-482-4110.

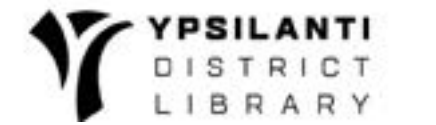
TO GET YOUR LIBRARY CARD:
1) Fill out the easy online form at yplslibrary.org/library-cards.
2) Call 734-482-4110
3) Or stop by any YDL location!

DON'T HAVE A DRIVER'S LICENSE? We can work with a variety of IDs to get you your card.

TOOLS TO HELP
The YDL App is back!
After a prolonged outage outside of YDL's control, the YDL App has been restored. Manage your library account, download a movie, reserve a study room, or conduct research right from your phone.
Learn more at yplslibrary.org.

FEATURED EVENT
WARRIOR LAWYERS: DEFENDERS OF SACRED JUSTICE: DOCUMENTARY FILM VIEWING
April 29 | 6:30pm | Whittaker

Hear the stories of Michigan Native American Lawyers, Tribal Judges and their colleagues who work with Native Nations, their citizens, and mainstream institutions to achieve healing and Sacred Justice.
This screening is in support of the 2023-2024 Great Michigan Read title, *Firekeeper's Daughter*, by Angeline Boulley.
Details at yplslibrary.org/events.



Early Black literary movement: the poetry of Langston Hughes and Claude McKay

It would be an error of omission if we talk about the early Black literary movement without making a reference of gratitude to writers and poets such as Phillis Wheatley, Fredrick Douglass, Ida B. Wells, Countee Cullen, Gwendolyn Bennett, John Davis, Aaron Davis, James Weldon Johnson, W.E.B. Du Bois and Alain Locke. We also want to recognize the editor of “Fire” monthly magazine, John Wallace Thurman, and the editor of "Opportunity" monthly magazine, Charles Johnson. Their contributions are profound and enduring. All were active participants in the creation of a new African American literature, culture and artistic representation. In fact, they helped to build a tapestry of resistance against marginalization, stereotyping, racism, inequality and discrimination.

Du Bois and Locke became the philosophical architects and inspiration for the literary movement known as the “Harlem Renaissance.” On March 19, 1968, about two weeks before his assassination, Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. said the Greeks may have Plato and Aristotle as great philosophers, but America has its own intellectual giants in W.E.B. Du Bois and Alaine Locke.

Two literary giants and poets who have influenced new generations of African American writers since the early 20th century are presented in this article. They are Langston Hughes and Claude McKay. We will present a brief biography of the poets, along with their poetry.



Claude McKay (1889-1948)

The Academy of American Poets said in their summary of Poet Claude McKay that he was born Festus Claudius McKay in Sunnyvale, Jamaica on September 15, 1889. He died in Chicago, Illinois on May 25, 1948. He learned a lot about reading, writing



WILL SHAKESPEARE
Groundcover vendor No. 258

and poetry from his older brother who was a teacher. He moved from Sunnyvale to Brown’s Town when he was 17. Eventually, he moved to the capital city of Kingston. He wrote that he experienced racism, discrimination and marginalization while in Kingston. The rampant bigotry he experienced in the capital city of Jamaica led him to write what Poets.org called “impressions of Black life in Jamaica in dialect.” Poets.org continued, “His publication of the work earned him a grant from the Jamaican Institute of Arts and Sciences.”

McKay traveled to the United States and arrived in Charleston, South Carolina, in the late summer of 1912. He then enrolled at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama.

McKay moved from Tuskegee to Kansas State College, and he eventually arrived in New York City where he did several jobs, while trying to work in literary journals, including “Pearson’s Magazine” and the socialist magazine, “The Liberator.” In 1917, he published two sonnets: “The Harlem Dancer” and “Invocation” and later used the former to write about social and political concerns from his perspective as a Black man in the United States. In 1922, he published his third book collection titled, “Harlem Shadows.” The University of Illinois Press posthumously published, “The Passion of Claude McKay: Selected Poetry and Prose” in 2004.

Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

Langston Hughes was the most prolific poet associated with the early Black literary movement and the Harlem Renaissance. He started writing poems and short stories when he was 17. James Mercer Langston Hughes was born on February 1, 1901 in Joplin, Missouri. He died on May 22, 1967, in New York City. The Academy of American Poets website stated that After graduating from high

school, he spent a year in Mexico followed by a year at Columbia University. During this time, he worked as an assistant cook, a launderer and a busboy. He also traveled to Africa, working as a seaman. In November 1924, he moved to Washington, D.C. Hughes’ first book of poetry, “The Weary Blues,” was published (by Alfred Knoff, 1926) with an introduction by Harlem Renaissance arts patron Carl Van Vechten. He finished his college education at Lincoln University in Pennsylvania three years later.

Hughes published his first novel, “Not Without Laughter” in 1930. When he was asked to name writers who had influenced his work, he cited Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Carl Sandburg and Walt Whitman. Poets.org noted that Langston Hughes’ “life and work were enormously important in shaping the artistic contributions of the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s. Unlike other notable poets of the period, such as Claude McKay, Jean Toomer and Countee Cullen, Hughes refused to differentiate between his personal experience and the common experience of Black America. He wanted to tell the stories of his people in ways that reflected their actual culture, including their love of music, laughter and language, alongside their suffering.”

Hughes was a giant in America’s literary circles. His first poem, written the summer after his high school graduation, was published by “Crisis” Magazine in 1921, entitled “The Negro Speaks of Rivers.” “Fire” magazine said that he explored Harlem when he came to Columbia University, “forming a permanent attachment to what he called ‘The Great Dark City.’” There are some poems from Langston Hughes collections on the next page.



Conclusion

The common denominator for most African American poets and literary giants of the early 20th century is civil rights activism. By circumstance of birth and cultural inclination, Dr. King drew inspiration from the written words and voices of America’s literary giants, especially African American writers. He never stopped praising the work of Black creators who were also civil rights activists. One of the early Black literary movement pioneers who received universal praises from Blacks and whites was James Weldon Johnson (1871-1938). Johnson was a co-founder of the NAACP, a native of the Bahamas, a central figure in the Harlem Renaissance, and publisher of “The Book of American Negro Poetry.” He was also a filmmaker, a diplomat, a theater playwright and a musician.

Moreover, Johnson was the composer of a poem titled, “Lift Every Voice and Sing.” This poem was written in the late 19th century, and James Weldon Johnson’s brother J. Rosamond Johnson converted the poem into an African American hymn which evoked the Biblical exodus from slavery to the freedom of the promised land. “Lift Every Voice and Sing” is very popular and it’s now considered the Black National Anthem. Feel free to read and sing the poem below.

Lift every voice and sing by James Weldon Johnson

Lift every voice and sing
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the
rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith
that the dark past has taught
us,
Sing a song full of the hope
that the present has brought
us.
Facing the rising sun of our
new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is
won.

Harlem

LANGSTON HUGHES

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore —
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over —
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

Dreams

LANGSTON HUGHES

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

LANGSTON HUGHES

I’ve known rivers:
I’ve known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans, and I’ve seen its muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I’ve known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

If we must die

CLAUDE MCKAY

If we must die, let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursèd lot.
If we must die, O let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!
O kinsmen! we must meet the common foe!
Though far outnumbered let us show us brave,
And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow!
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we’ll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

Joy in the woods

CLAUDE MCKAY

There is joy in the woods just now,
The leaves are whispers of song,
And the birds make mirth on the bough
And music the whole day long,
And God! to dwell in the town
In these springlike summer days,
On my brow an unfading frown
And hate in my heart always—

A machine out of gear, aye, tired,
Yet forced to go on—for I’m hired.

Just forced to go on through fear,
For every day I must eat
And find ugly clothes to wear,
And bad shoes to hurt my feet
And a shelter for work-drugged sleep!
A mere drudge! but what can one do?
A man that’s a man cannot weep!
Suicide? A quitter? Oh, no!

But a slave should never grow tired,
Whom the masters have kindly hired.

But oh! for the woods, the flowers
Of natural, sweet perfume,
The heartening, summer showers
And the smiling shrubs in bloom,
Dust-free, dew-tinted at morn,
The fresh and life-giving air,
The billowing waves of corn
And the birds’ notes rich and clear:—

For a man-machine toil-tired
May crave beauty too—though he’s hired.

Poetry

CLAUDE MCKAY

Sometimes I tremble like a storm-swept flower,
And seek to hide my tortured soul from thee,
Bowing my head in deep humility
Before the silent thunder of thy power.
Sometimes I flee before thy blazing light,
As from the specter of pursuing death;
Intimidated lest thy mighty breath,
Windways, will sweep me into utter night.
For oh, I fear they will be swallowed up—
The loves which are to me of vital worth,
My passion and my pleasure in the earth—
And lost forever in thy magic cup!
I fear, I fear my truly human heart
Will perish on the altar-stone of art!

A2P2 phase two public power progress

The power is out again where I live. This happens many times throughout the year. Around town, for the last few months, a few signs have caught my attention. “Ann Arbor for Public Power” is brightly displayed upon them with a few notes about the current status of energy use in Ann Arbor.

I investigated the organization (A2P2) and found it to be very enlightening. There is a struggle between corporate profits and renewable energy implementation in Michigan. There are consistent major power outages in our region and many corporate-owned power grids fall below municipal-owned power plants’ reliability averages.

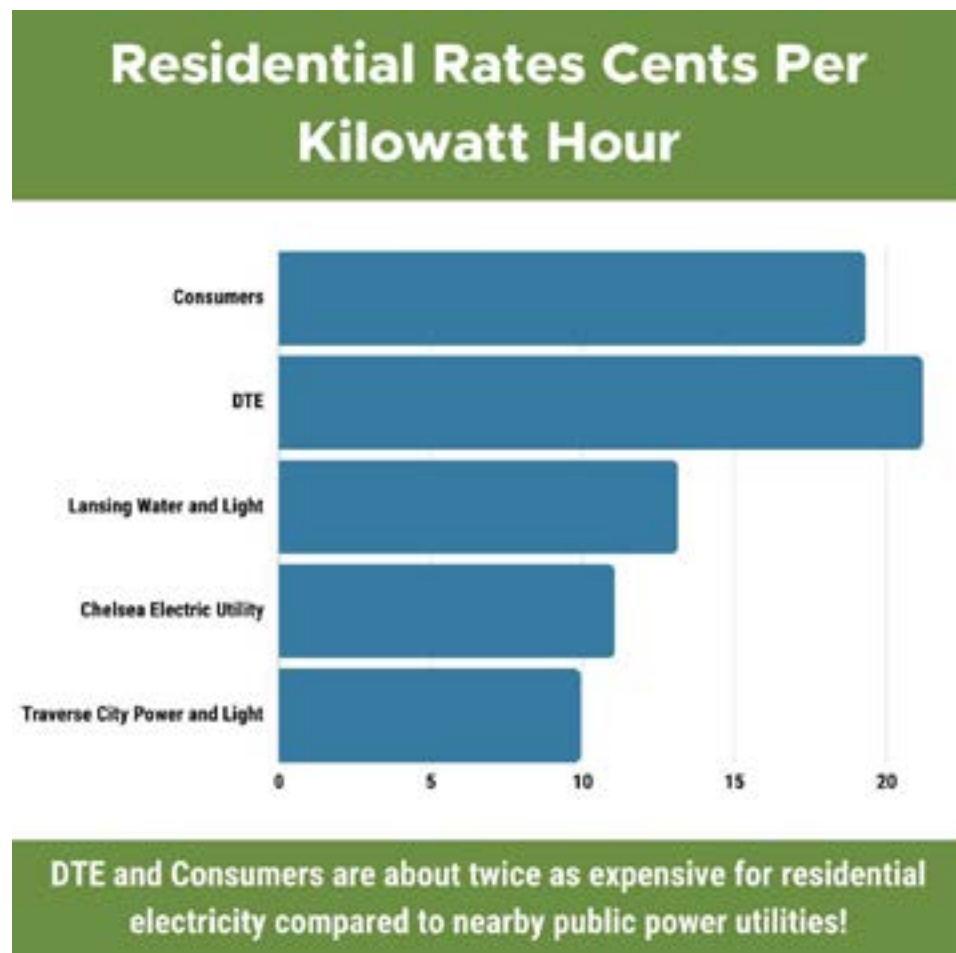
Currently, Ann Arbor is served by Detroit Edison (DTE), a corporate entity (although state-regulated) pursuing profits for investors instead of reliable renewable energy. A2P2 is advocating for a public-owned democratically-governed electric utility system called a Municipal Energy Utility or MEU, an idea that may be new to Ann Arbor but is the way many Michigan cities get their energy, including Lansing and Chelsea. One of the first things A2P2 did was to ask the City to conduct a phase one study to investigate municipal ownership. Ann Arbor complied, and the results came out in September 2023. One of that study’s recommendations was that the City



ROBBIE FEBRUARY
Groundcover contributor

pursue a phase two study to support the MEU, intended to find out what it would cost to take over the local energy assets from DTE. A2P2, of course, strongly supported that second study but whether the City would approve it was uncertain.

But A2P2 people were pleased when, on February 21, Ann Arbor Mayor Chris Taylor threw his support behind the study. As Mayor Taylor said at the time, “(A)n MEU ... continues to intrigue, a chance to ensure that the utility is there for the people ... no shareholders or dividends, or campaign contributions. A utility run for the public good. To that end staff have identified the steps needed for us to continue to explore the cost and practicality of an MEU, and I support those steps.” Since that time, a line item for the study has appeared in the not-yet-approved budget.



I spoke to Greg Woodring, President of A2P2, about local benefits and the next steps for municipal power. He stated, “Public power utilities consistently outperform private utilities in terms of cost and reliability, because they are directly accountable to their

customers, not shareholders.”

There is a larger three-eyed fish to fry here. Power reliability is one thing, but protecting the environment is more important. Steps taken in green energy

see **A2P2** page 15 ➡



1845 Church

amazingly beautiful church and celebrate the rich history of our church in serving the Ann Arbor community.

The afternoon begins with building tours from 3:00-4:30 pm where you will be able to visit our awe-inspiring sanctuary and hear a brief presentation of its history and view the incredible stained glass windows. Tour leaders will guide you throughout the building to learn about the diverse community programs we support at Bethlehem. Following the tours, you are invited to return to the sanctuary to enjoy a short concert. The afternoon will conclude with light refreshments in our Fellowship Hall. This wonderful event is free of charge and all tour areas are accessible to those who require mobility assistance.

We look forward to your visit. Please contact the church office (734-665-6149) if you have any questions.



Present Day Church

190th Anniversary Open House
Bethlehem United Church of Christ
423 S Fourth Avenue, Ann Arbor
April 20, 2024
3:00 pm - 5:30 pm

Bethlehem UCC has been serving downtown Ann Arbor for over 190 years. We invite the public to come and see this

*“Bethlehem Church - Built Upon Legacies of the Past
To Create in the Present a Future”*



Again in 2024, project paints the town poetry

“Putting poetry in places people don’t expect it” is the stated goal of Cameron Finch with their Poet Tree Town project. The goal is to take poems from the margins of people’s attention and surprise them into reading or listening to some so that the barriers – intimidation, suspicions that poetry is irrelevant — break down. Indeed, that relates very well to the goals of this issue of Groundcover News, so well in fact that Poet Tree Town and Groundcover will co-host an Open Mic on April 26 at Argus Farm Stop.

As last year, the way Poet Tree Town will do this is to place a sheet of paper with the creator’s poem in the windows of many downtown and nearby businesses, as well as offer a QR code to hear the piece read in the poet’s own voice. The genres are diverse, the poems original. There are 87 poets represented this year and venues include Booksweet, both Argus Farm



CYNTHIA PRICE
Editor

Stop locations, the Blake Transit Center, Found, Literati Bookstore, Tea-haus (where Finch’s own poem resides), Third Mind Books, West Side Book Shop, and many others. Poet Tree Town challenges people to make a trip to see all of the venues, which can be found at www.facebook.com/PoetTreeTownA2/.

These activities and many others

spring from the designation of April as National Poetry Month. The creation of the Academy of American Poets, which also publishes “American Poets Magazine,” the celebration began in 1996. It is currently the largest literary celebration in existence, attracting tens of millions of readers and participants across the nation. For a list of 30 things you can do to celebrate National Poetry Month, visit poets.org/national-poetry-month.

Since last year, Finch has arranged for the “Ann Arbor Observer” to publish some of the original poems as a blog. These can be found at annarborobserver.com/blog-title/poet-tree-town/.

They would love to partner with more people for more events, and are also looking for more volunteers, especially “at the leadership, production-side level,” they say. To contact Finch, email poettreetown@gmail.com



Two poems are displayed in the window of Argus Farm Stop on Liberty — the venue for the joint Poet Tree Town/Groundcover Open Mic on April 26.

Crazy with the wisdom that matters

KEN PARKS
Groundcover vendor No. 490

I once worked as a journeyman painter for Patton Painting, a union shop based in Ypsilanti. The core of the shop was Kentucky boys from the mountain country of eastern Kentucky. Among the first questions I was asked was, “Do you like country and western music?” I responded with, “Willie Nelson and Freddy Fender!” Willie and Waylon Jennings were outlaws in country music with such songs as “I’ve Always Been Crazy [but it’s kept me from going insane],” words that come naturally from my mouth.

I was a natural to work with Aura Glaser to open Crazy Wisdom Bookstore in 1981. She found a location on Ann Street that needed a lot of plaster and paint work before they could open. Both of us had discovered Tibetan Buddhism as a door to a deeper experience of reality. The term “crazy wisdom” was in the air from the work of Choegyan Trungpa Rinpoche, one of the first Tibetan masters who came to Scotland with Akong Rinpoche, then settled in Boulder, Colorado. He founded Naropa University and what became Shambala publications. Zen Buddhism paved the way for Buddhism in the West, and there are many options now.

Crazy Wisdom Bookstore in Ann Arbor has seen several incarnations and is once again alive. It is currently

open Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Friday and Saturday from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. The upstairs is being remodeled. The tea room will not reopen but the event space will reopen in May. They have hosted many wonderful events over the years. Think of them for a workshop or presentation with the wide range of diverse and interesting events they are known for.

The “Crazy Wisdom Community Journal” had an important article on the Community Farm of Ann Arbor in a back issue maybe one and half years ago. The role of biodynamic agriculture and the shift to new management could use an update as we shift from money-obsessed culture and go back to the basics. I hope we have an event on the second floor of the bookstore during the summer. I would like to see a collaboration between Willow Run Acres and the Community Farm of Ann Arbor as we build the networks of work that matters. I believe the Ann Arbor Community Commons is part of this work. Food not lawns is a good way to be with the earth.

Crazy wisdom will point you to a more complete context. You will enjoy learning from those with whom you differ, in particular, your enemies. Eventually you will discover that ego-clinging is the main enemy. Everytime that ego distracts you can be a reminder to remember a fully present breath and tune in to a deeper felt sense.

Focusing-oriented therapy does this and Joya d’Cruz, who was mentored by Eugene Gendlin, has helped me rediscover my inner child and play with the adult who protects and guides. We need each other. If you Google search her you will find she is fully booked now. I hope we can get her to do a presentation at the Crazy Wisdom Bookstore event room. That’s where I met her.

It is revolutionary to see yourself in others. This does not mean that others should think like you think but rather that we can meet in common mind and give birth to the creativity that benefits all beings without exception. This assumption of one seamless reality of unconditional love works best for me. My mistakes can inspire me to remember that a natural breath paves the way to more authentic decision making. We can change direction at any time. I choose the holistic road despite the slips and falls that ordinary beings encounter every step on the path.

Students and workers will matter when the unity of theory and practice comes together in the dialectical play that comes from the unity of opposites. When I graduated from college my informal graduate studies began. I declined an offer for a master’s in history and volunteered for Brethren Volunteer Service. I served two and a half years in Austria and Germany. I connected deeply with my European heritage as I was mentored by my



Parks in front of Crazy Wisdom Bookstore, which reopened December 1, 2023. His shirt reads, “Water is mean to connect, not divide. — Juan B. Mancias”

supervisors, Horst Symanowski in particular, who was a veteran of the resistance to fascism during the Third Reich. I extended my service to do a six month seminar with him. I learned that better fascists than Hitler won World War II. If you read the autobiography of General Reinhard Gehlen you will learn how the best fascists were not prosecuted but were hired for Cold War One and to run the National Aeronautic and Space Administration. “Letter to the American Church” looks at the similarities

see **WISDOM** page 14 ➡

Ypsi recall election puts all eyes on Dez

Ypsilanti City Council woman Desiraé Simmons faces a recall election.

Ypsilanti Forward, as known as Love Ypsi, started a petition in Ypsilanti's third ward to get enough signatures to have a recall election, and Rod Johnson has filed to run for the Ward 3 council seat and attempt to unseat Council Member Simmons.

Love Ypsi initially targeted three members of council; Mayor Nicole Brown, Council Member Jennifer Symanns of Ward 2 and Simmons because of their votes in November 2023 to approve the purchase of a \$3.7 million industrial building to replace the old site for the Department of Public Services, among a list of other grievances. Brown has since had a change of mind on the approval of the purchase of the building, and during a re-vote on the purchase on December 5, 2023, voted against it. Simmons abstained. Jennifer Symanns had already announced her resignation. As a result, the recall group withdrew their campaign



MIKE JONES
Groundcover vendor No. 113

against Brown on Dec 6, leaving all eyes on Simmons.

I got a chance to interview Council Member Desiraé Simmons and I had two questions:

1. What do you think is Ypsilanti Forward's main misunderstanding with you?

2. Why should you be re-elected in the recall election?

She responded, "I think their main misunderstanding of me is that they believe I do not consider a full picture, and an understanding of interest that includes them, too. In other words, they feel left out, and [feel] that I don't consider their interests in my decision making. But I believe the decisions I make benefit them as

well and my goal is for everybody to benefit as opposed to some people getting to benefit. I see them as part of everybody, and I don't think they should be the only people able to benefit while other people don't."

To the second question, she responded, "There are two things I want to say. One, I want to make clear that the voters don't have to re-elect me; they can just stop my removal. I'm still in office, they just have to say no to the recall to allow me to continue the term they elected in the first place. And why I should be allowed to continue is because my record and the roles I played on council speaks [sic] for itself. You can tune in to any meeting and see my involvement in the community; you can ask for a meeting one on one, or even call me. I am bringing forward the values I hold which are community engagement and collaborative leadership. I believe the government can be used to address real needs, like: housing, safety and thinking about the ways we are in public space together and how to make decisions. So, I have been able to make some progress around these areas and just getting started setting ground-work on these issues that

needs [sic] more time and attention than one year in office. And I believe that I will be able to continue to deliver for the residents of Ward 3 and for the fullness of Ypsilanti and the surrounding area."

Then I asked her if there was anything else she would like to add. She said, "Yes, I think local elections matter a lot. These local elections impact people's everyday lives. So, I encourage people who might not yet be registered to vote to know that Michigan's laws allow you to register when you go to vote. That is, the day of the election at the City Clerk's office. If you care about issues like affordable housing and public safety get involved and vote for me on May 7."

The election will be held on Tuesday, May 7, and absentee ballots start in April; the winner will serve the remainder of the term through 2026.

Rod Johnson declined an interview with Groundcover News. Ypsilanti Forward could not be reached for comment.

Sudoku

★★★★☆ 4puz.com

9			4		7			
5					8	3		
	8		6	9				
2	7					1		4
8	9						2	3
1		4					9	7
				8	5		7	
			9	3				2
			7		1			5

Fill in the squares so that each row, column, and 3-by-3 box contain the numbers 1 through 9.

Groundcover Vendor Code

While Groundcover is a non-profit, and paper vendors are self-employed contractors, we still have expectations of how vendors should conduct themselves while selling and representing the paper.

The following is our **Vendor Code of Conduct**, which every vendor reads and signs before receiving a badge and papers. We request that if you discover a vendor violating any tenets of the Code, please contact us and provide as many details as possible. Our paper and our vendors should be positively impacting our County.

- Groundcover will be a voluntary purchase. I agree not to ask for more than the cover price or solicit donations by any other means.
- When selling Groundcover, I will always have the current biweekly issue of Groundcover available for customer purchase.
- I agree not to sell additional goods or products when selling the paper or to panhandle, including panhandling with only one paper or selling past monthly issues.
- I will wear and display my badge when selling papers and refrain from wearing it or other Groundcover gear when engaged in other activities.
- I will only purchase the paper from Groundcover Staff and will not sell to or buy papers from other Groundcover vendors, especially vendors who have been suspended

or terminated.

- I agree to treat all customers, staff, and other vendors respectfully. I will not "hard sell," threaten, harass or pressure customers, staff, or other vendors verbally or physically.

I will not sell Groundcover under the influence of drugs or alcohol.

- I understand that I am not a legal employee of Groundcover but a contracted worker responsible for my own well-being and income.

I understand that my badge is property of Groundcover and will not deface it. I will present my badge when purchasing the papers.

- I agree to stay off private property when selling Groundcover.
- I understand to refrain from selling on public buses, federal property or stores unless there is permission from the owner.
- I agree to stay at least one block away from another vendor in downtown areas. I will also abide by the Vendor Corner Policy.

I understand that Groundcover strives to be a paper that covers topics of homelessness and poverty while providing sources of income for the homeless. I will try to help in this effort and spread the word.

If you would like to report a violation of the Vendor Code please email contact@groundcovernews.com or fill out the contact form on our website.

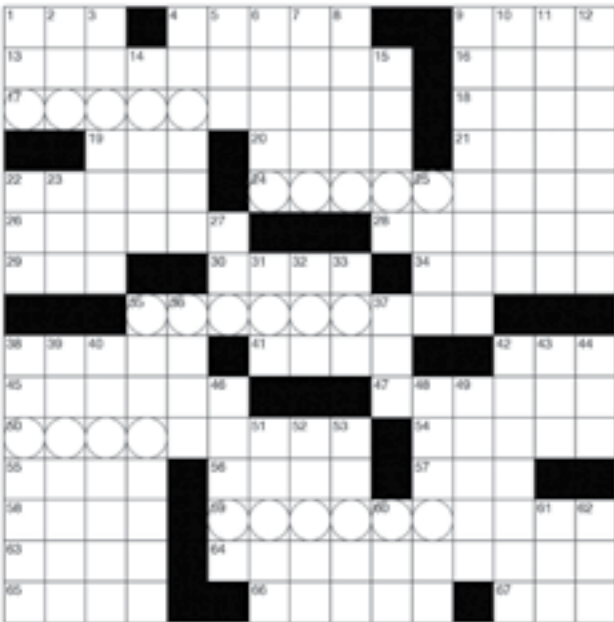
You Can Count on Us Peter A. Collins

ACROSS

- Internet popups
- Schindler of "Schindler's List"
- New Haven collegians
- Guand
- Nevada city
- Hitchhike
- Capital of Qatar
- Like many home improvement projects, for short
- Fence feature
- Diner sign
- Heating unit
- 3x5 office supply item
- Day's end
- Block-dropping game
- Picnic pest
- It's right on a map
- Acknowledge silently
- Where to find a hammer, anvil and stirrup
- Goes it alone
- Colors, as Easter eggs
- Health meas.
- Hole in the wall
- "Already?"
- Cell phone ditties
- Performed poorly
- Frankenstein's assistant
- Possible response to "You were snoring"
- Smidgen
- Make a bundle in farming?
- Arkansas capital
- Man's name that's a fruit when spelled backwards
- In need of a bib, maybe
- Confessor's list
- Watch covertly
- OR workers

DOWN

- FBI employee
- "La-di-___"
- Dorm dweller
- "Sure, why not?"
- Dead or Red follower
- Olympian Strug or Walsh
- Beelike
- Overhauled
- Hosp. triage worker
- It's spotted in the jungle
- Get by will power?
- Rascal
- Mid-east rulers
- Sublease
- Wanders in an airport?
- Attila, notably
- TV "Warrior Princess"
- ___ Talk
- Tack on
- Clever
- Golfer's elevator?
- Mutts
- "Money ___ everything!"
- Scout leader?
- Manuscript copiers
- Paper crane, for example
- Hand-lotion ingredient
- Fancy bedroom
- Sun follower?
- Pen filler
- Cries of pain
- Televangelist Joel
- Beatles' drummer
- Pedure targets
- Legally prevent
- Fail to act
- Wall St. news
- Atlanta-based channel
- Metric weights: Abbr.



Peter A. Collins

Want to lower the cost of your energy bills?

The Washtenaw County Weatherization Program has EXPANDED. Income guidelines have INCREASED. All work is FREE of charge!

Weatherization can include:

- Home Energy Inspection
- Air Sealing and Insulation
- Furnace Replacements
- Fresh Air Bath Fan

Apply today at bit.ly/wx-app or call (734) 544-3008!

Homeowners and renters can apply!

Income must be at or below 80% area median income (AMI) to qualify:

Household Size	1	2	3	4	5	6
Income Limit 80% AMI	\$66,300	\$75,750	\$85,200	\$94,650	\$102,250	\$109,800

Benefits of Weatherization

- Comfort
- Lower Utility Bills
- Energy Savings
- Improved Health and Safety

(734) 544-3008
415 W. Michigan Ave, Ypsilanti
washtenaw.org/weatherization

THRIVE

Even positive changes can be difficult.

Weekly Support Circle

For people who are newly housed or newly employed, seeking support through a period of transition.

Tuesdays, 5* - 6:30pm
36 N Washington, Ypsi
Meal provided by FedUp

Registration not required, just show up. *Must arrive by 5:15pm
fedupministries.org/thrive

Answers

KAREN TOTTEN
Groundcover contributor

“My heart hurts,” you, age five
say one morning before school,
and place your hand on the left side of your body,
as if to take an oath.
Your frantic parents whisk you to E.R.
where doctors and nurses tap and jab,
looking for lurking blood clots
or infection in the criss-cross vein map
of your chest, only to find, with relief, the usual inhabitants
of strong, beating muscles.
What you really mean is that the nightly war body count
on tv is too loud and you can hear it in your sleep.
What you really feel is the blunt edge of your dad’s shotgun
pressed up against the wood ledge of the front porch
those nights of the neighborhood troubles. You want his protection
but you have friends out there.
What is really happening is that you don’t know yet
that you are supposed to act as if heartbreak isn’t real—ignore
the nerves of your body standing on end, all the tears
in your throat threatening to spill like water from
a broken pipe. Voices of the lonely, the sad and hurting,
the war sirens, finding their way to your tender young life.
How could you know the answers?
No one does.
Our bodies all bleed red.
Our hearts all hurt.

Originally published in the Spring Peninsula Poets edition 2023

Golden hour is cast over the Michigan fields

ADRIANA ALCALA
Groundcover contributor

And though I haven’t seen it
I don’t need eyes to know in my heart that the sun is shining down on a
blanket of moss in the backyard of the trailer park I called home. Faux
dewed fruits in braided baskets, dirt covered shed, cobblestone path; This
place casts a spell over me.
Shadow lines crossing the median
Deer legs dancing
ghosts along the highway.
Sun setting, remembering those fields of pink
passing all of my homes.
Ward off the darkness forever.
Drive on and never return

Viola's
visitor

KAREN TOTTEN

It was Jesus Christ of Nazareth at the kitchen door
last Tuesday, or so my Grandmother Viola was asked to call
a thin, long-haired man in coveralls who wandered around
her side yard in the steady rain, knocked quietly after lunch,
chose her door along that stretch of highway.

Years back, Viola owned tourist cabins behind
her house, lodging for tired pilgrims dusty
from the muddy roads, travelers heading up north
to the vacation lakes each summer or south to Miami
out of winter's spindly grasp.

Was this man looking for shelter from the storm?
Had he heard of her hospitality in years before,
the home-cooked breads and chowders,
the warm lilac-scented blankets on the beds?
Or did he long for affirmation, a nod
from someone who just might recognize
his divine face?

True story.
My grandmother was very Catholic, crosses and paintings of holy figures in
her home, lots of religious iconography. Devout. Enamored of John F.
Kennedy.

A note: the name Viola was invented by Shakespeare for his play
Twelfth Night.

HOPE

DIANA FEAD
Groundcover contributor

I awake in the sun's shadows.
Listening, I hear no sounds.
Searching for hope in the darkness,
Did you leave or are you around?

I'm alone, where do I go now,
Searching for your burning flame?
If you're not alive within me,
Do you go by some other name?

Can feelings surprise and ring true,
Or a song speak just the right words?
A memory stirs in my daydream,
Your voice crying out to be heard.

Shout my name, you say, come together,
Trust me to give us a chance.
Follow my voice, and I'll hear you
Singing that hope's still alive.

estranged to your danger

BLUE MOON TAILOR
Groundcover contributor

the year came the year that marked the year to increase stranger danger	dread bleeding the pit of my stomach bursting cysts of betrayal all settled there
a lack of presence for that which was done impressions of steamy haunts ghosts formed of Catholic guilt	pit large as an underworld poisonous peach pit rare quicksand fear nothing could compare
sensations remained only a little less foggy than my amount of groggy	RaGE a naming of pain fingers pointed stiff denial on your end

a year past the year the year that came that marked my increased capacity for stranger danger	stiff twice what I couldn't reconvene
this year from when we began your excitableness bursting at the seams	no "custody" battle joy for my whiskered critter
fog self-inflicted this time our own means 404 error no memory computed	nothing can erase the danger you estranged me from

Fragmented

EVA MOORE
Groundcover contributor

My rhythm for life is fading.
My highlights are fewer it seems.
The zest for life I used to have,
is a crumbling manic machine.

Since breaking me down I’ve grown louder.
Just to drown out the noise in my head.
I’m still listening to lies, I tell myself daily.
Now the lies are all truths that I bled.

Is this all that I have left to give you?
Just a facade of the person I was?
I lie next to you as if we’re connecting,
but truly my passions are gone.

Hollow and damaged, that’s all that I know.
This daily routine getting tired.
I am running in circles attempting to hide it,
my soul shrinking like it’s on fire.

Wandering round, wandering til the end.
There is no light at the end of my tunnel.
People say they are there to help me if needed,
but are deaf to my crying for comfort.

Listen to the whispers that knock at my door,
those cruel and continuous words.
They speak ugly truths, but I caused them myself,
I have damaged their viewing, their regard.

Can I fix this? Am I able? Oh where to begin?
Digging deeply into the depths.
I am fragile, gritty, raw, and hardened.
Craving for more than I expect.

I continue, I move forward, this cycle goes on.
I seek after what’s better, improved.
I can not know what will come to me next,
But I can face it head on, with my smile.

Untitled

JULIE SCHEIER
Groundcover contributor

Today I will not hear your voice.

Grief pounds my heart today.
You held me to myself.

Your Presence, far away
And by my side
Palpable, Breathing,
Soft, Quiet

Hearing your Beautiful Vision
Inside me
Part of me

Forever.

I wrote this the day I learned my brother's partner died. For Trish and Carl.

CINNAHOLIC®
Gourmet Cinnamon Rolls

BUY ANY ROLL GET ONE OF
EQUAL OR LESSER VALUE FOR

FREE



At Cinnaholic, we believe everyone has the power to make a positive change in the world—for our people, the animals and the planet. All our products are made with the highest quality ingredients, and are 100% vegan, dairy & lactose-free, egg-free, and cholesterol-free.

valid in-store only, not valid with any other discounts. exp. 01/31/2025
121 E Liberty St, Ann Arbor, MI 48104
(734) 707-1955
@CinnaholicAnnArbor



Confusion

SARAH DARBY-WHITE
Groundcover contributor

Tell me, what’s normal?
It’s time that I know.
I must know what’s normal,
Cuz, I’m weird and it shows.

It’s really not funny,
This odd kind of thing.
I’m a hamster just spinning
Getting nowhere it seems.

Thought these feelings would pass,
But they’re stronger than ever.
Despair that’s just there
That I never can sever.

Confusion, delusions
Of what I could be.
Confusion intrusions
Won’t let me be free.

Skipping stones

SARAH DARBY-WHITE

I have mastered skipping stones
Upon the stillness of the early morning lake.
It takes perfected skill and a flick of the
wrist.
A glassy surface and the water breaks.

The lake speaks. A massive heartbeat.
Telling stories of a life within.
Of lessons learned, but what has changed?
What is to come? Where have I been?

So many questions unanswered.
Each skipping stone begins a new chapter
In this life that deceives. This life that lies.
I’m anticipating what comes after.

The waters are turbulent now. Not
Calm and tranquil with the rising sun.
As evening approaches, I’m out of stones,
Out of chapters; All but one.

My last chance to make it right,
To salvage all that I treasure.
Whether I get it right or get it wrong
Skipping stones has been a pleasure.

➡ WISDOM from page 9

between the German church of the 1930s and the American church today. At Easter we have another image of “you can kill the revolutionary but you can’t kill the revolution.”

What reality do you believe in and what is the role of faith today? Visualize reality as a radiant diamond with infinite facets. Every appearance including you and me is in this view. To experience the interrelatedness of the facets in the context of the whole diamond is the breakthrough moment that the masters among our ancestors have taught us from beginningless time. Jesus, Buddha and a host of holy beings have taught that compassion, loving kindness and wisdom are the foundational truths of reality. If we surrender our ego fixations to this truth we can walk the path of freedom and learn to “Keep your eyes on the prize.” It’s the most worthy of goals.

If pursuit of the truth is your goal, there are many ‘practical’ people who will consider you crazy for neglecting the most obvious rule of compliance culture, “The bottom line is the dollar sign,” and its corollary, “Follow the money.” It is true that if your financial life is in chaos you will find yourself too busy to do anything else. You may be overworked and have nothing to show for it. It can be so frustrating you may take your last dollar and go party. The distractions are everywhere, comfort food is a big one. The food industry is a pioneer in addictive engineering; feel good for a minute and be sick for life, similar to hard drugs but legal and a choice that is always in your face. Personal choice is an illusion for many as the need to survive this moment blocks the view of a long and happy life. It’s the trap of civilization and the hard struggle of decolonization. Remember “Peace of mind does not come from absence of

struggle, it comes from absence of confusion and uncertainty.” If you look for what we share in common as human beings your discovery will likely look crazy to followers of compliance culture. We need the time and space to look at new approaches in our struggle for good health and a happy life. Let’s meet at Crazy Wisdom on Main between Washington and Huron. The Ann Arbor Community Commons is growing! Let us move forward with growing awareness until we are crazy with the wisdom that matters. Let’s meet on Earth Day, April 22, at 4 p.m. at the Groundcover office (in the basement of Bethlehem United Church of Christ at 423 S. 4th Ave) for a People’s Peace Bank study and working group. We will view Werner’s conversation at the Capital Club Dubai on Central Bank Digital Currencies and more. Earth Days celebrations are happening all weekend:

Cloudy day

RONALD PAGERESKI
Groundcover contributor

Dark clouds build above me.
I need someone to love me.
The one I had has gone away,
made my world so dark and gray.
What turned her so hard and mean?
I’ll always miss the Lady Marlene.
I have to make my way alone,
my heart is heavy, feels like stone.
But, many folks are in the same boat,
tears in the eyes, lump in the throat.
We have to face the lonely night,
all alone in our dismal plight.
But, tomorrow brings a brand new day.
Let’s not let sorrow stand in our way.
If we feel like we’ve been hit by a bus,
remember many have it much worse than us.

Late night visitor

RONALD PAGERESKI

Standing all alone in the cold on my deck,
lookin kinda hungry, lookin like a wreck.
Kitty showed up looking for a friend,
with me, it has become a trend.
Homeless kitties, their future unclear
they all know me well, far and near.
They all come by to see a friendly soul,
knowing the cat chow will overflow the bowl.
Eating their fill, then off they go,
they’ll be back soon, next day or so.
Looking for this soul, hopin’ I will fill the bowl.
So come to me kitty, I won’t give a fright.
But stay safe young kitties, alone in the night.

April 20, 21 and 22. Go to annarborcommunitycommons.org for more details!

EVERYONE INVITED

Earth Days Celebrations on the Commons

April 20 21 22 2024
Saturday Sunday Monday

“Green Brick Road to Sustainability and Survival”
Medical Disaster Response Supplies Collection

Environmental and Earth Conscious Organizations and Projects All Invited
“Show and tell” your good works.

Honor the Ann Arbor 200 Bicentennial Birth Year
Plans for our Third Century

Speakers: Singers Musicians HEADLINE BAND Chalk Art and Innovations
All good ideas welcome!

There is a Climate Emergency

Programs unfolding: morning, noon, afternoons and jamming on.
Details turn on the website
Sunday Studio is the Leslie Science Center Earth Day Program

5th Avenue and Library Lane, Ann Arbor

11th Annual Earth Day on the Commons, since 2014

Ann Arbor Community Commons Initiating Committee
annarborcommunitycommons.org
www.Medical_Disaster_Response.org

contact: meg@dc@umich.edu 734 657 8063

A200
ANN ARBOR BICENTENNIAL
2024

Home Grove

LORRAINE LAMEY
Groundcover contributor

In the stand of pines
the roots hold snugly to the eroding esker.
The roots sing *Hang in there! or Hang on!*
but mostly *I’ve got you!*, a weaving chorus
of *I got you!*s. They crisscross each other
like embroidery — tender, intricate, and whole.
“Home Sweet Home” on a cliff edge.

The trees are sewn together by and with each other
defying gravity with their epic height
praising to the sky *We’ll grow and die together!*
You know it’s not true —
the uniformity of action and experience, that is.
But it sounds and feels right even as one by one
they germinate, grow, disease, die, and decay in this one grove.

Wind whisper, cardinal cheer, hunting hawk silence,
gray squirrel scurry, breeze blown bole groan,
Canada geese *hronk* overhead.
I am stitched into this grove.

➡ A2P2 from page 8

policy have not stemmed the environmental degradation which has continued for the last 30 years. Ann Arbor citizens and the city government itself have demonstrated a desire to move to 100% renewable energy for many years now. DTE has dragged their oil-stained feet all over the lush green carpet on these local renewable initiatives while continuing to invest in coal and gas energy sources. A2P2 offers a plan to provide 100% renewable energy by 2030, which would also lead to increased reliability.

I, like many other members of my generation, spent many halcyon hours watching Saturday morning cartoons on my family’s 16 inch television. We were empowered to reduce, reuse and recycle around four times per hour by singing raisins, Darkwing Duck, and the Crash Test Dummies. Many times, the children of the nineties were portrayed as the instructors for doddering fortyish parents in what trash goes where. Now I am the doddering fortyish parent and I am part of the problem. Steps taken by organizations like A2P2 are of critical importance if we are going to maintain a livable Earth for future generations.

From the A2P2 website: “We believe a municipal utility is the only way Ann Arbor can reach its renewable energy goals. Municipal utilities across the country are almost always cheaper than investor-owned utilities (IOUs) and often more reliable. Additionally, a muni would create strong local

union jobs and keep utility money within the community. Rather than relying on DTE and its shareholders to make decisions for us, the Ann Arbor community would have control over our power and create a pathway for other communities to break free from DTE as well.”

An A2P2 press release continues, “The main objective of this phase two study should be to arrive at a technically sound and legally defensible valuation of DTE’s local distribution assets.” That is the next important step in the process.

A2P2 continues to provide consumer education about their energy options at meetings and events throughout the city. On April 20 from 6-9 p.m., at Cobblestone Farms located at 2781 Packard Road, organizers will talk about the campaign to replace DTE with a municipal electric utility powered by 100% renewable energy for Ann Arbor. Bill McKibben, nationally-known environmental activist, author, and founder of 350.org will be providing the keynote via the Internet. Joining in person, Christy McGillivray, political and legislative director for the Sierra Club Michigan, will share her thoughts. Greg Woodring, A2P2 President, and advisory board members Yousef Rabhi, Mikal Goodman and Michelle Deatrack will also be present. Tickets cost \$30 and a plant-based meal will be provided. Captain Planet is not scheduled at this time, but he would certainly approve.

A ladle of blood



SASHA JADE
Groundcover contributor

A ladle of blood
Sticky and thick, an iron taste to sear the tongue.
It fills my throat, I want to scream but nothing comes.
Nothing but a ladle of blood
Gurgling and gagging, I heave with effort as I drown.
It bubbles and pools as it drips to my chest, smothering me in crimson color.

Painted in desire, viewed with desire, *forced* to desire.
Forced to drink a ladle of blood
Expected to drink a ladle of blood
Just to create more ladles of blood
Countless hearts.
Endless hearts.
All of them, just ladles of blood
Perhaps one day, the gore will go down.
Perhaps one day it will fill me with vigor and nothing but joy.
Settle in my stomach and make my skin warm.
Steal my perceived broken ladle.
Be captured by one with ichor.
But till that day comes, I’ll be here.
Choking on ladles of blood



Ann Arbor for Public Power




REPLACE DTE

with a public electric utility!

- Only public power utilities have reached 100% renewable power¹
- With a public power utility we decide how to produce our energy
- Public utilities have much fewer and shorter electricity outages²
- Public utilities can make rooftop solar easier for residents
- DTE burns 67% fossil fuels to produce our electricity³
- DTE does not have a realistic carbon neutrality plan⁴


Ann Arbor DTE

17.88 ¢ per kWh



Chelsea Public Power

10.40 ¢ per kWh⁵




40+ Michigan cities already have public electric utilities, including Traverse City, Lansing, & Chelsea. All are on average more reliable and cheaper than DTE!⁶



During the March 2023 outages, DTE bragged at a shareholder meeting that it was deferring badly needed maintenance to increase profits.⁷

AnnArborPublicPower.org



@A2PublicPower

